usually begging for enough change to make a quarter so he could buy a cigarette, it reminded him that what he did was degrading.

It was a role. When Michael didn't get the change from Caspar he'd walk out onto the sidewalk and solicit the passersby. He'd return with enough for a pack. He wouldn't buy a whole pack at once, but only two or three cigarettes. It was more controlling that way. He could bother us all day. He'd never come for his cigarettes on the hour but always a few minutes too late or too early. He'd track us down and interrupt whatever we were doing in the kitchen. He forced us to break our own "House Rules" just to get rid of him.

Once he had his cigarette he didn't seem to care. He'd take a few puffs and throw it away. It was an excuse for sitting on the front steps, breaking another rule. Adam warned him that if he caught him there he'd cut him off cigarettes for a whole day. Then he decided that he'd cut him off the "kitchen program." He wouldn't let him peel potatoes or make salad. Cutting him off cigarettes only meant he'd buy from the Koreans on the corner. Cutting him off "the program" meant he'd have no money from us to buy with. He'd still get money though. We were only, as we used to say, "slowing him down."

Now Michael sits on the steps more than ever, or maybe I notice it more. I'm sensitive about it. In the winter he had great salt stains on the seat of his pants. I told Adam he had